

STRONTIUM DOG: RAGE UNLEASHED!

PROG 486
6 SEP 86

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MONDAY

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- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Torquemada, Nemesis's horrific enemy | 12. Dredd Head: "Are you feeling lucky, Punk?" |
| 2. Dredd and China | 13. D.R. & Quinch say: "Nuke Your Parents" |
| 3. I am the Law, I am Judge Dredd Sogol | 14. Nemesis |
| 4. The Cursed Earth - Dredd on bike | 15. Feed Me - the official Mega-City "fatty shirt" |
| 5. Dredd saying "You're Next Punk!" | 16. I'm a Pink |
| 6. Judge Morris and Death | 17. Dredd says: "Judgement Day is today" |
| 7. Rogue Trooper in action | 18. D.R. & Quinch say: "Real Men don't use Blankies" |
| 8. Get Ugly! Otto Sum's official ugly T-shirt | 19. Face of Judge Death |
| 9. Dredd: UnAmerican Graffiti | 20. Dredd on the Seat of Justice |
| 10. Strontium Dog | |
| 11. Slaine: "I'm Wapped" | |

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VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 8LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 486

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

Welcome to the galaxy's greatest comic! This prog is packed with so much thrill-power that I have only just enough room to warn you about my zarjaz *Strontium Dog* story, which is building up to a murderous climax. This is a dangerous business at any time...but taken in conjunction with my scrotnig *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis*, *Ace Trucking Co*, *Metalzoic* and *Sooner or Later* stories, it could prove fatal! Therefore I, Tharg the Generous, advise you to A) Read only the *Strontium Dog* story, and throw the rest of the comic out of the window; B) Read all of the comic except the *Strontium Dog* story, which should be thrown out of the window; or C) Completely ignore this thrill-warning, blow your circuits and throw your future out of the window!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

ADVERTISEMENT

EPISODE ONE

Village of the DEAD

DEEP IN THE FORESTS OF ARLE,
DEATH HAS COME...

ΦΧΥΒ V
ΣΛΩΦΛ?

ΔΣΔΦΥΒ
ΓΛΑΧ ΛΙΦΛ
ΚΑΣΡ!!..



BUT DEATH
FOR THE
RAVAGERS
IS AT HAND-

... GALBUS THE SWORD, ERIANE OF THE ELVES
AND BURIA QUICKFINGER!!... ADVENTURERS,
FREEBOOTERS AND
VENGEANCE-TAKERS...

... NOW YOU
DIE, UNHUMAN
ONES!!



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JUDGE DREDD IN

ATLANTIS

PART TWO

IT HAD BEEN NINE YEARS SINCE THEY'D BEEN OFF ATLANTIS... SINCE, IN FACT, LESLIE WAS BORN. OH, ERIC HAD BEEN UP TO THE BIG MEG A COUPLE OF TIMES FOR HIS EX-BLOCK REUNIONS - AND SHE TRIED TO GET TO BRIT-CIT AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR...



BUT THEY'D NEVER BEEN AWAY TOGETHER. NOT FOR NINE YEARS.

NOT THAT SHE MINDED, REALLY. SHE WAS HAPPY... ENOUGH HERE IN ATLANTIS, GOING ABOUT HER DAILY ROUTINE IN THE CAPTAIN NEMO SOYFISH BAR...



CHATTING TO THE TOURISTS, FINDING OUT ALL ABOUT THEM...



SOMETIMES EVEN INVITING THEM BACK TO HER HOME AND MURDERING THEM.



YOU'RE ELOPING!
HOW ROMANTIC!



SO YOU HAVEN'T TOLD A SOUL? VERY WISE!



SHE ALWAYS PHONED ERIC BEFORE BRINGING "GUESTS" HOME -



B-BUT HOW?



ANYWAY, THE AUDIENCE AT THE SHOWDOOME GOT A RINGSIDE VIEW AND OLD BRIAN WAS THE MAIN COURSE.



CASH?

SHE'D SEEN HIS WALLET. IT WAS BULGING.



COPIES OF FINGERPRINTS TAKEN FROM THE BODY
FOUND IN THE CORAL RAY'S GUT ARE FLASHED
TO THE CENTRAL COMPUTERS IN BRIT-CIT
AND MEGA-CITY ONE. WITHIN MINUTES
THE I.D. IS MADE -

BRIAN ROWLEY, AGE 37.
RESIDENT BRIT-CIT
DISTRICT NW6.

REPORTED MISSING YESTERDAY.
LAST SEEN BY A NEIGHBOUR
LEAVING HIS APARTMENT.

AND SOMEHOW HE MANAGED
TO END UP AS FISH FOOD
FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES AWAY...

OKAY, LET'S START
INTERROGATING
SHOWDOME
STAFF.

COULD BE ROWLEY WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN HE GOT HERE. THE
FISH MEAT COMES PRE-PACKED
FROM A BRIT-CIT SUPPLIER.

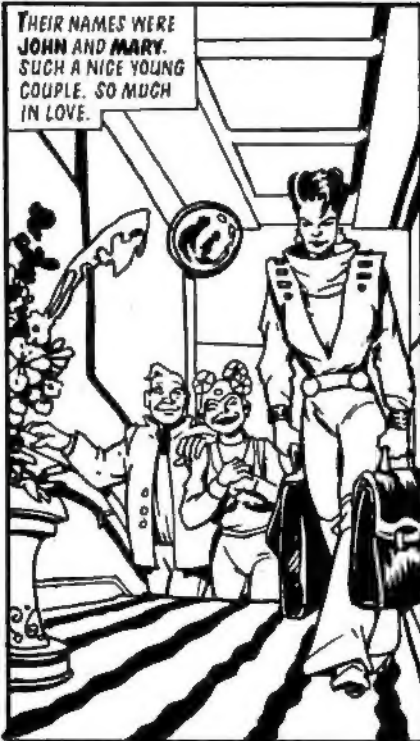
SOMETHING
HERE, DREDD -
AN ARTIFICIAL
HIP?

ROWLEY'S?

NOT
UNLESS HE
HAD THREE
LEGS.

SO BRIAN ROWLEY'S NOT
THE FIRST BODY TO END
UP ON THE MENU.

INTERESTING...

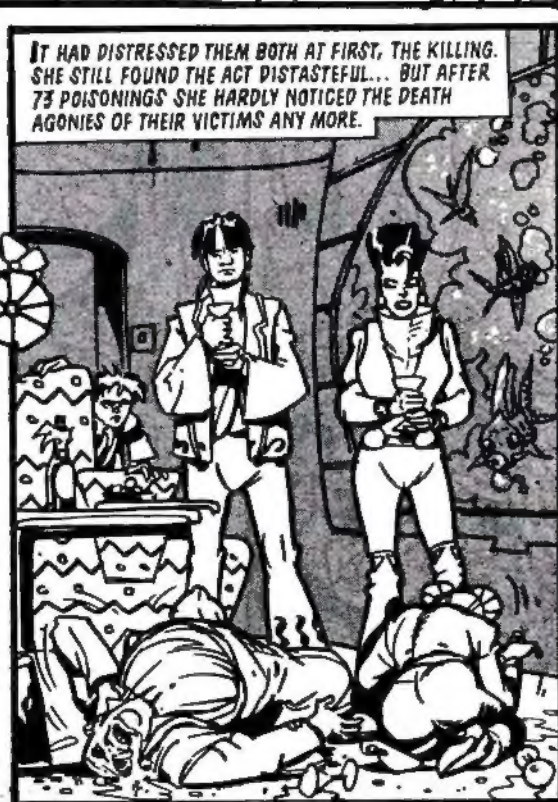


IT WAS EASY TO LURE THEM BACK TO THE APARTMENT: HER SHIFT ENDED IN HALF AN HOUR - ERIC HAD A BOTTLE OF SHAMPAIGN ALL READY - THEY SIMPLY **MUST** COME!



OF COURSE, LESLIE WAS IN ONE OF HIS DIFFICULT MOODS. HE WAS AT THAT AGE NOW -





SHE WOULD HAVE
PREFERRED IT, OF
COURSE, IF LESLIE
HADN'T BEEN THERE.
IT COULDN'T BE
GOOD FOR THE BOY.

BETTER GET THE
TOWELS, MUM. SHE'S
FROTHIN'!

ERIC WAS VERY GOOD
WITH THEM. SO
KIND AND PATIENT...

NOTHING PERSONAL, JOHN. IT'S
OUR DOCTOR. HE'S BLACKMAILING US.

LESLIE REALLY IS A MUTANT, YOU
SEE. FOR NINE YEARS WE'VE KEPT
HIM HIDDEN HERE. IF WE DON'T
MAKE OUR MONTHLY PAYMENT,
OLD DUCKWORTH WILL TELL
THE JUDGES.

ANYWAY, SORRY
IF THAT'S HURTING
A BIT. ONLY
POISON I COULD
GET HOLD OF.

TRY TO
RELAX -
GO WITH
IT. IT'LL
BE OVER
SOON.

MUST BE SIXTEEN HUNDRED
CREDS CASH HERE. WAY TO
PICK 'EM, HON!

WHY...
WHY?

CREDS
MEGA

DREDD'S INTERROGATION OF THE STAFF OF THE SHOWDOME REVEALS NOTHING. SIX ARRESTS ARE MADE ON MINOR CHARGES, BUT NONE OF THE STAFF CAN BE LINKED TO THE ROWLEY DEATH.

WE CHECKED OUT THE FISH MEAT SUPPLIER - NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. WE DID TURN UP SOMETHING THOUGH -

- BRIAN ROWLEY TOOK THE INTERCITY ONE-STOP FROM BRIT-CIT VICTORIA YESTERDAY MORNING. HE NEVER PASSED THROUGH CUSTOMS CHECKS ON YOUR SIDE OF THE TUNNEL.



THEN THE KILLING HAPPENED HERE - IN ATLANTIS.

NEXT • COME IN, ERIC JECKLE, YOUR TIMES UP!





SCRIPT: PAT
MILLS
ART: KEVIN
O'NEILL
LTG: JOHN
COSTANZA

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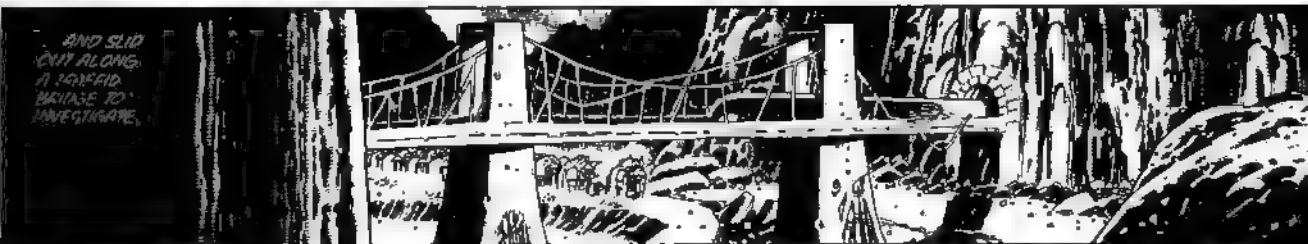
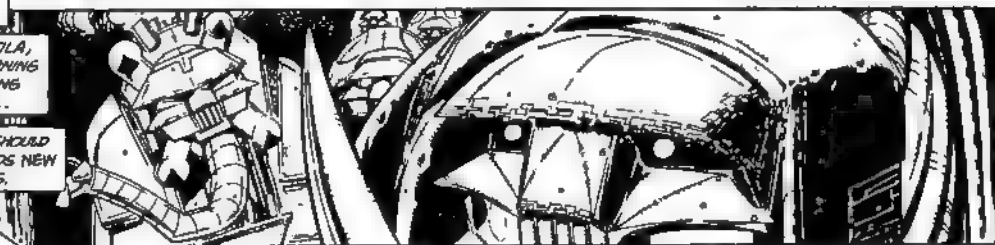
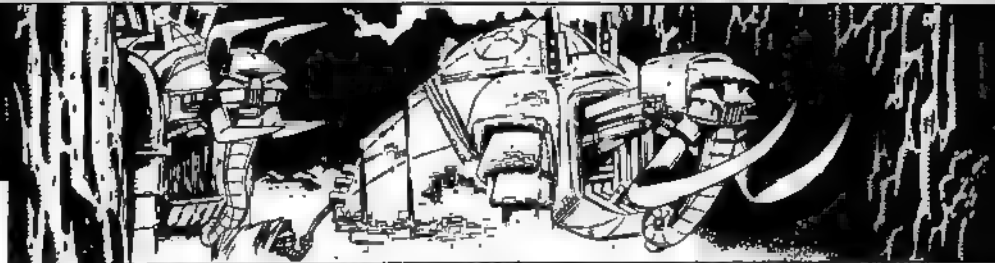
THE WHEEL DEBEAST HAD
BEGAN THE LONG TREK
OVER THE MOUNTAINS...

ARKK REMEMBERED THE WAY
FROM PAST MIGRATIONS--BUT
THIS TIME, HE FELT OLD AND
SLUGGISH.

HIS HERD WAS SCARRED BY THE
HARVESTING BLADES OF AGRO-AMERS
WHEN THEY'D CROSSED THE GREAT
PRAIRIE, AND DENTED BY THE TUSKS
OF YOUNG BULLS, EAGER TO USURP
HIS PLACE AS HEAD LEADER...

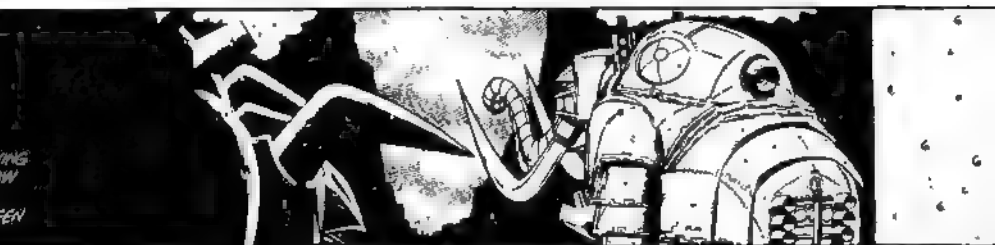
ONE OF THEM, ATILA,
TRUMPETED HIS WARNING
SURE... CHALLENGING
THE GOD-BEAST...

HE BELIEVED THEY SHOULD
HEAD EAST--TOWARDS NEW
IRON ORE FIELDS.

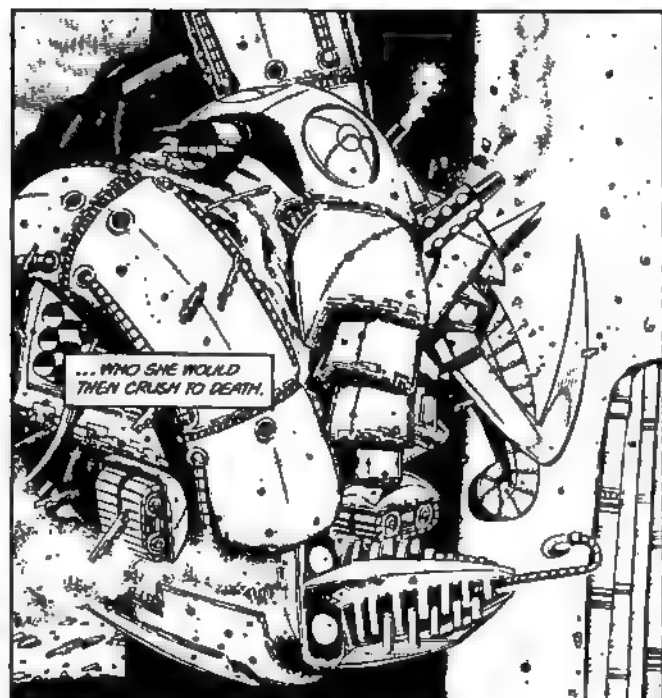
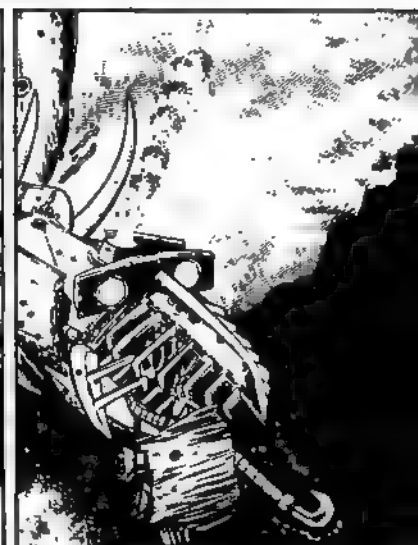
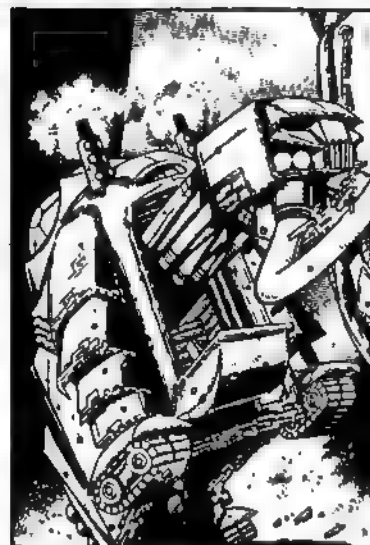
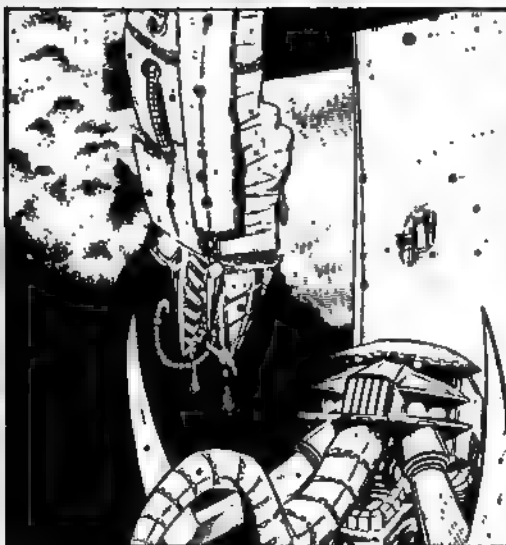
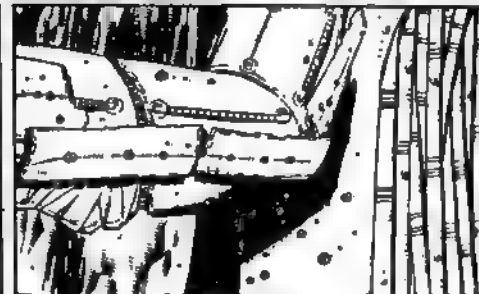
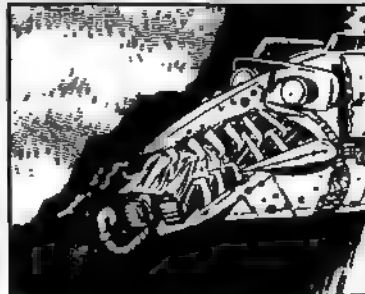


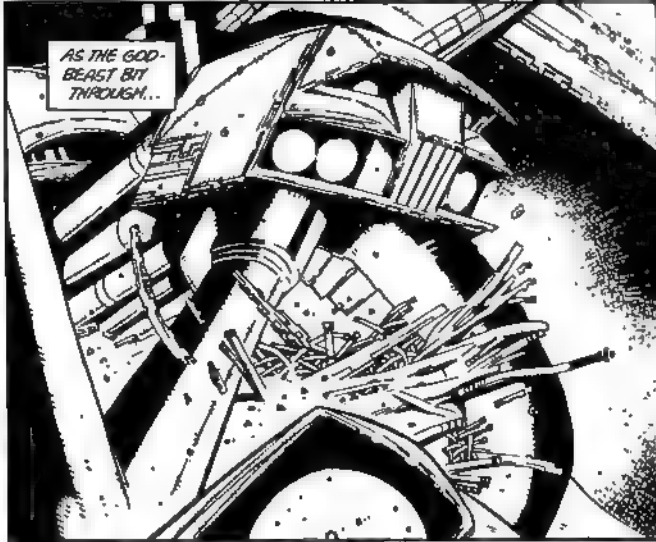
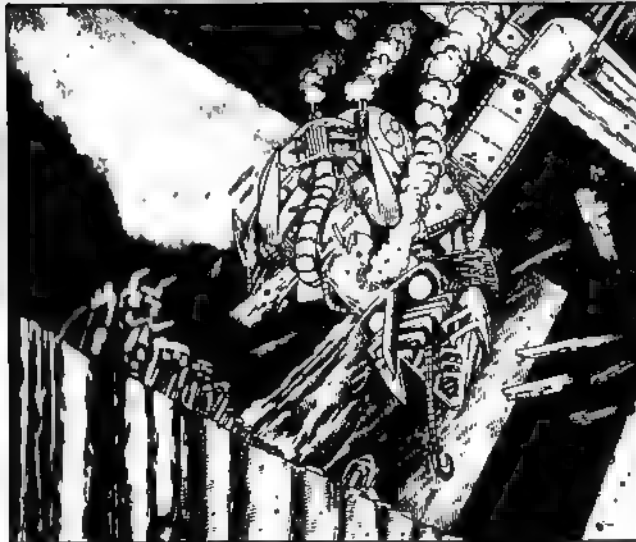
TRUNK TO TAIL, ARKK LED
THE HERD ALONG THE MOUNTAIN
PATH. HE'D FLASHED HIS WARNING
LIGHTS AT ATILA AND HIS YOUNG
RIVAL HAD BACKED DOWN--THIS
TIME...

SHE THROUDED ON... GRIEVING
FOR THE LOSS OF MUSNAK, THE COW
WHEEL DEBEAST KILLED BY THE
POLARISAUR. SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN
THE FAVORITE OF HIS HAREM...

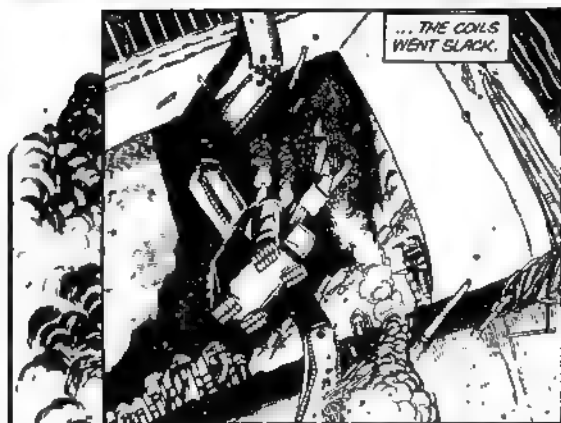


BEHIND, LITTLE BUBOC
HELD GRIMLY ONTO
HIS FATHER'S TAIL...

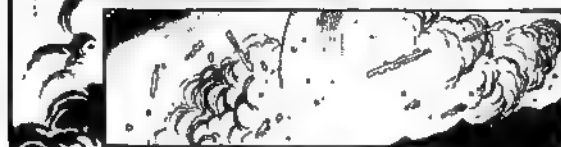




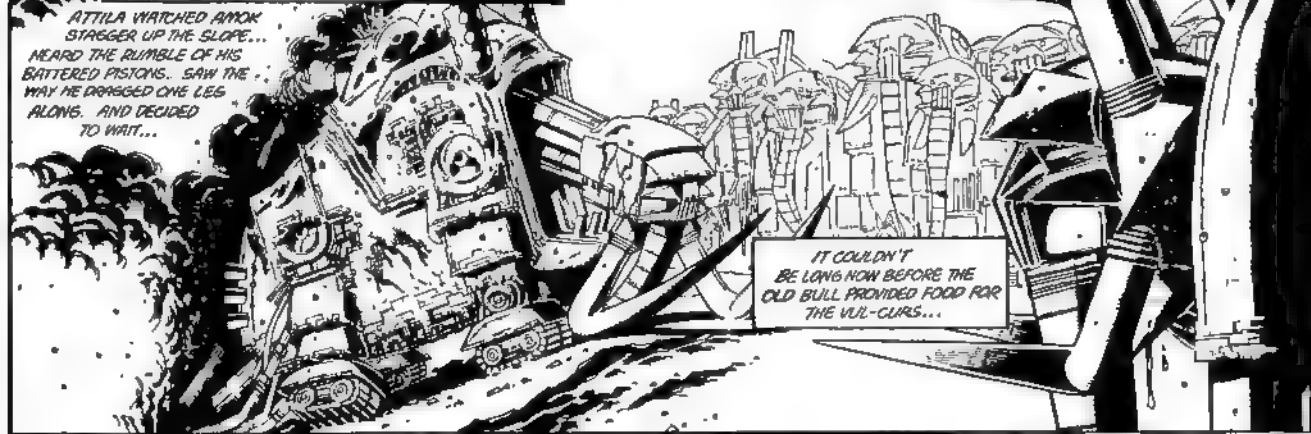
AS THE GOD-BEAST BIT THROUGH...



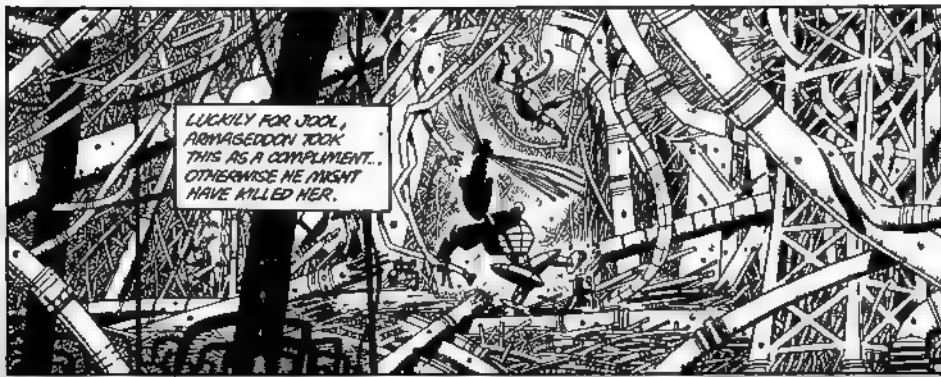
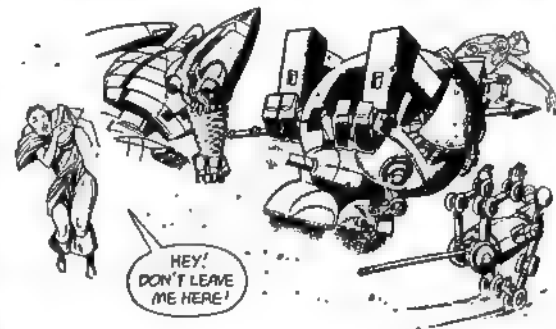
... THE COILS WENT SLACK.



ATTILA WATCHED AMOK
STAGGER UP THE SLOPE...
HEARD THE RUMBLE OF HIS
BATTERED PISTONS... SAW THE
WAY HE DRAGGED ONE LEG
ALONG... AND DECIDED
TO WAIT...

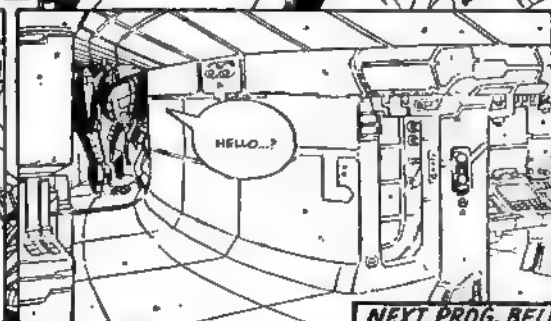


IT COULDN'T
BE LONG NOW BEFORE THE
OLD BULL PROVIDED FOOD FOR
THE VUL-CURS...



HE DIDN'T LIKE LEAVING
VENGOID IN CHARGE FOR
TOO LONG -- IN CASE HE
TRIED TO TAKE OVER.

NOT THAT HIS BROTHER WOULD --
VENGOID LACKED ARMAGEDDON'S
TREACHEROUS NATURE. BUT
ARMAGEDDON DIDN'T UNDERSTAND
THIS.



NEXT PROG. BELLY ACHE!

THE EMESIS

THE WARLOCK

“LIKE LEMMING, FUTURE
MAN WAS DRIVEN BY
AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE
AN ALL-COMPELLING INSTINCT
TO RETURN TO THE SEA

“IT WAS THE LAST ACT
OF THE HUMAN RACE...

“OR RATHER ‘REGRESSION’
... FOR, JUST AS TODAY
MAN BREAKS DOWN
FOOD INSIDE HIS BODY
INTO ENERGY ...

EMESIS THE WARLOCK

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBERT
PAT HILL
ART: ROBERT
KAYAN TALBOT
LETTERING: ROBERT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73

"BY THE LEAMINGS, FUTURE
MAN WAS DRIVEN BY
AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE...
AN ALL-COMPELLING INSTINCT
TO RETURN TO THE SEA..."

"IT WAS THE LAST ACT
OF THE HUMAN RACE..."

"OR RATHER 'REGRESSION'
... FOR, JUST AS TODAY
MAN BREAKS DOWN
FOOD INSIDE HIS BODY
INTO ENERGY..."

"... SO FUTURE MAN COULD
BREAK DOWN HIS BODY..."

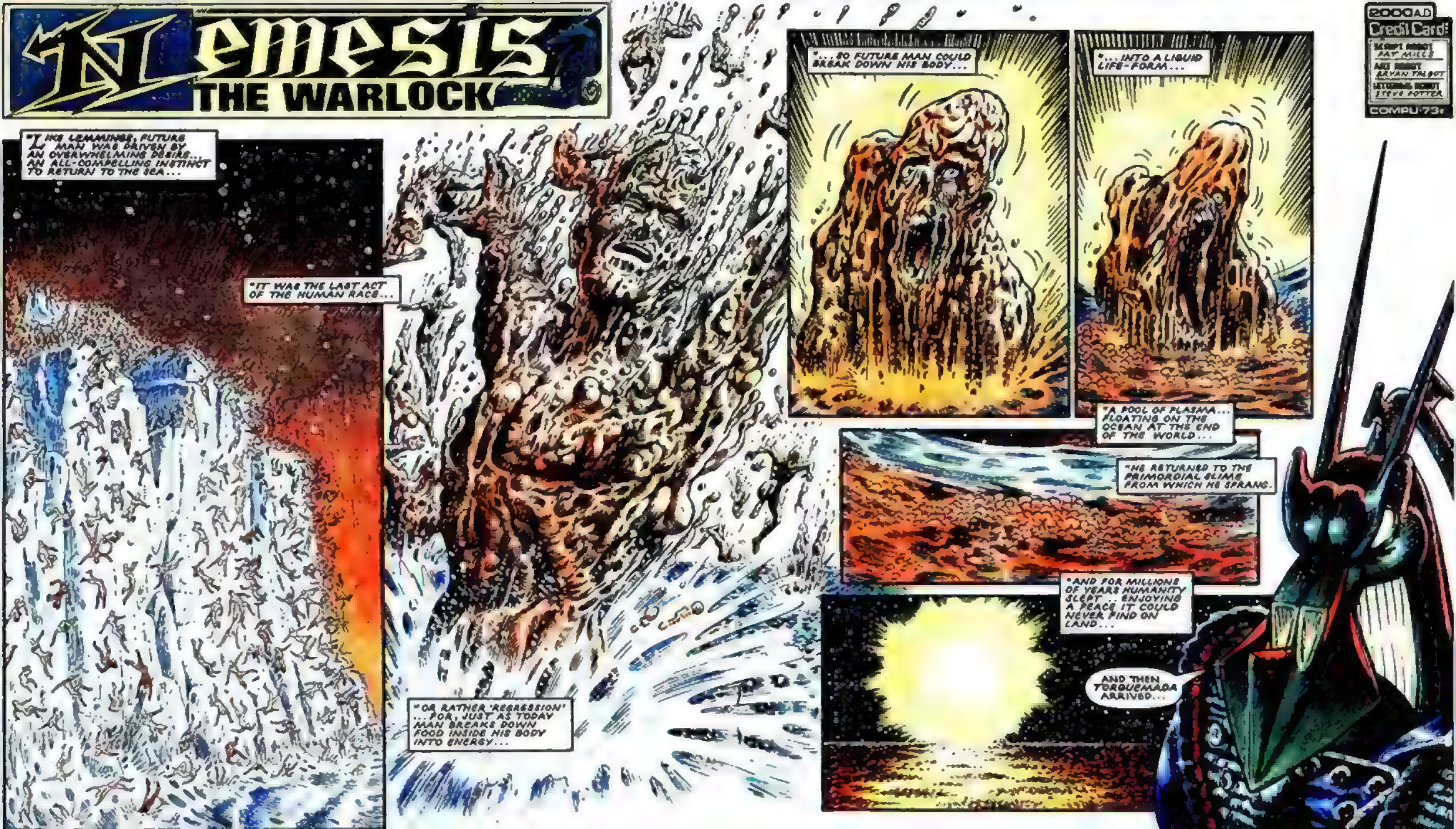
"... INTO A LIQUID
LIFE-FORM..."

"A POOL OF PLASMA...
FLOATING ON THE
OCEAN AT THE END
OF THE WORLD..."

"HE RETURNED TO THE
PRIMORDIAL SLIME
FROM WHICH HE SPANG."

"AND FOR MILLIONS
OF YEARS HUMANITY
SLEPT... ENJOYING
A PEACE IT COULD
NEVER FIND ON
LAND..."

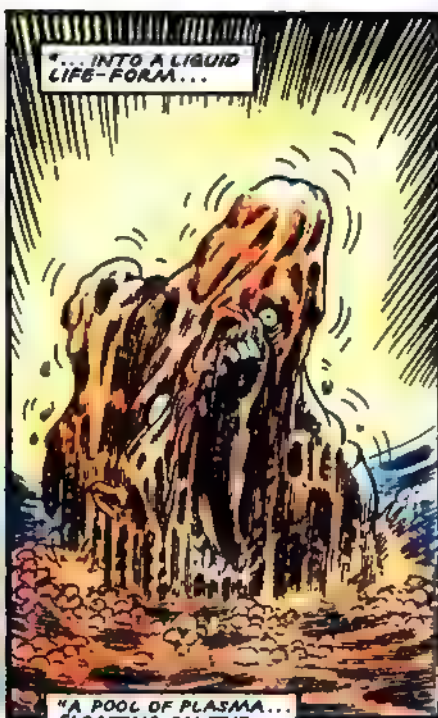
"AND THEN
TORQUEMADA
ARRIVED..."



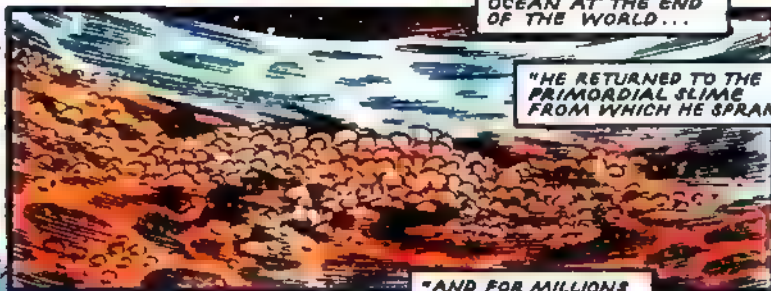
"... SO FUTURE MAN COULD
BREAK DOWN HIS BODY...



"... INTO A LIQUID
LIFE-FORM...

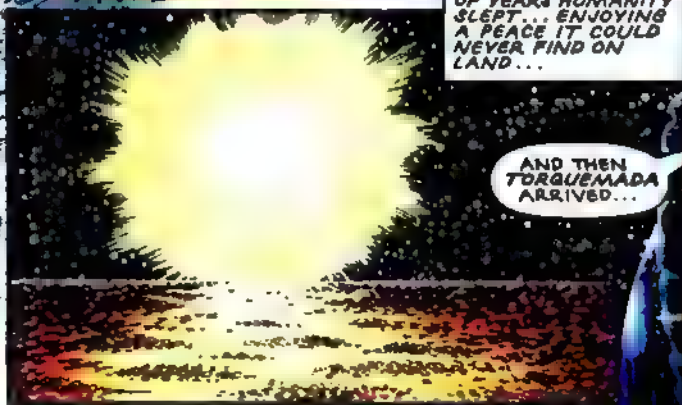


"A POOL OF PLASMA...
FLOATING ON THE
OCEAN AT THE END
OF THE WORLD...

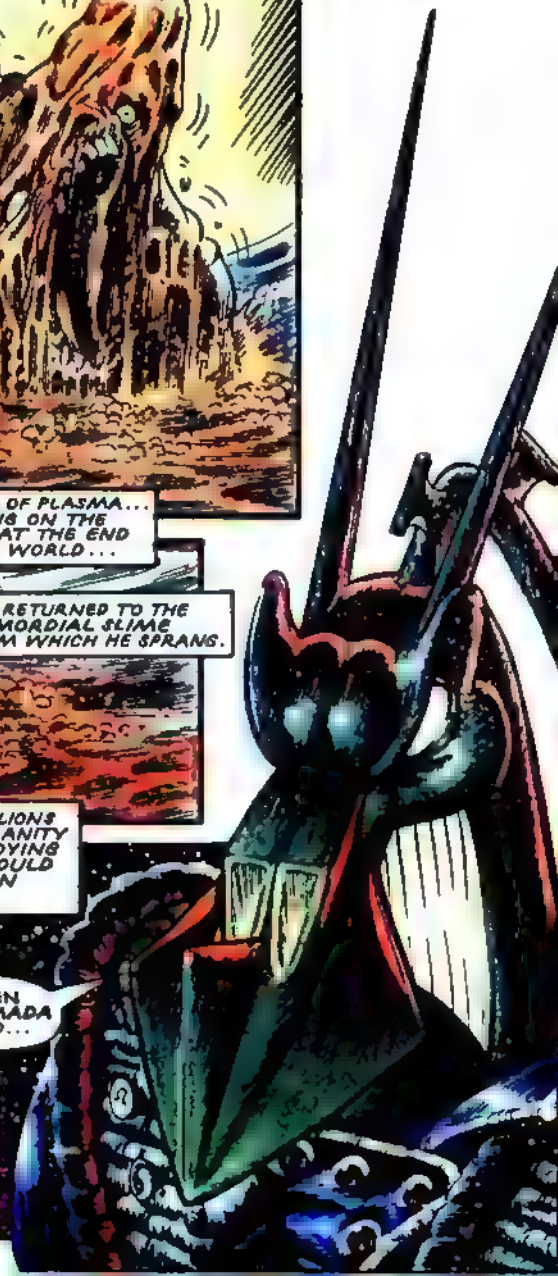


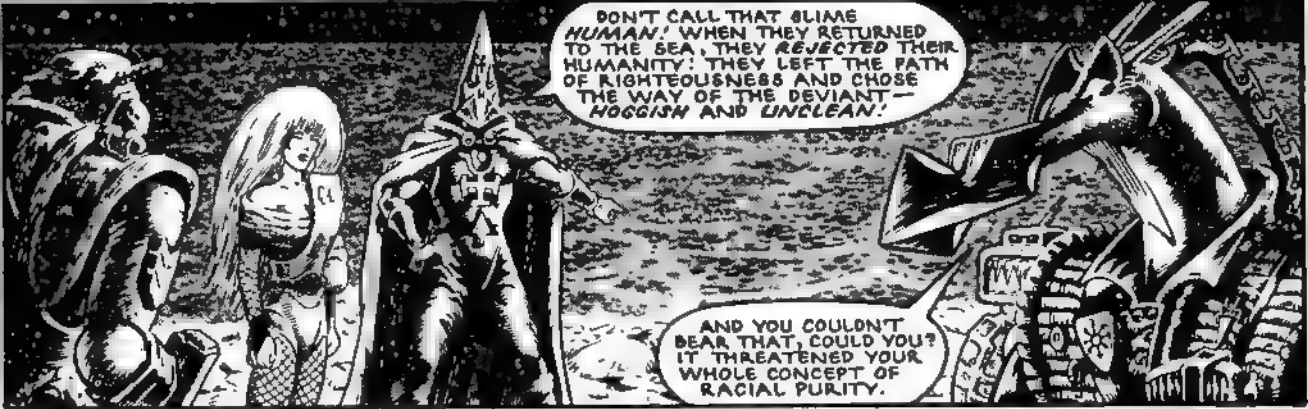
"HE RETURNED TO THE
PRIMORDIAL SLIME
FROM WHICH HE SPANG.

"AND FOR MILLIONS
OF YEARS HUMANITY
SLEPT... ENJOYING
A PEACE IT COULD
NEVER FIND ON
LAND...



AND THEN
TORQUEMADA
ARRIVED...





"AND SO THEY SET UP
'PURIFICATION PLANTS'
TO PUMP AND REFINES
THEM —

"FLARING OFF THEIR
'USELESS' SPIRITS
INTO THE ATMOSPHERE..."

"THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH
SCREAMING AS THEIR
SPIRITS WERE SEPARATED
FROM THEIR BODIES..."

"... THAT WOULD
END UP BEING
BURNT IN
TERMINATOR
WAR MACHINES."



"UNTIL AT LAST THE SURVIVORS FOUGHT BACK... THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW HOW..."



"FILLING TERMINATOR DIVING SUITS WITH THEIR BODIES, THEY CREEPT ON BOARD THE RIGS..."



"FORCING THE TERMINATORS TO JOIN THEM BY OFFERING THEM THE 'CUP OF NIRVANA'..."



"THEIR OWN GOLD BOBLETS..."



"WHEN DRUNK, THE PRIMORDS CAUSE THE SAME ORGANIC DEGENERATION IN OTHERS..."



THE SORDID
DETAILS OF HOW
TORQUEMADA
ESCAPED AT THE
EXPENSE OF HIS
BROTHER NEED
NOT CONCERN
US HERE.

WHAT ARE
YOU LOOKING
AT
ME LIKE THAT FOR?
I'M NOT ASHAMED
OF WHAT I DID. I'M
PROUD YOU HEAR?
I PURIFIED THIS
PLANET OF
ITS EVIL!

YOU COMMITTED
MASS-MURDER!

HOW DARE YOU
JUDGE MY HUSBAND?
HE IS THE GRAND
MASTER! HE DOES
NOT HAVE TO ANSWER
TO ANYONE!

LEAST
OF ALL...
YOU.

COME...
IT'S TIME
WE WERE
LEAVING

WHY?
WHAT'S
WRONG?

MY DEAR, YOUR
DELIGHTFUL HUSBAND
NOT ONLY NEARLY
DESTROYED ONE SPECIES
IN HIS 'PURIFICATION
PLANTS'...

... HE CREATED A
NEW AND TERRIBLE
ONE...

... THE
MONADS!

Next
Prog: APOCALYPSE NOW!

ACE TRUCKING CO.

The Garpetbaggers

SCENE II: ON THE TRAIL OF MELVYN GARP WHO HAS STOLEN THE MAP TO THE BURIED TREASURE OF MOVIEOLA — AND WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF A STUNT GARP — ACE GARP ATTEMPTS THE IMPOSSIBLE —



NO HEE HEE!
WE DIE FOR
SURE!

OH YE
O' LITTLE
FAITH,
BONY
BUDDY!

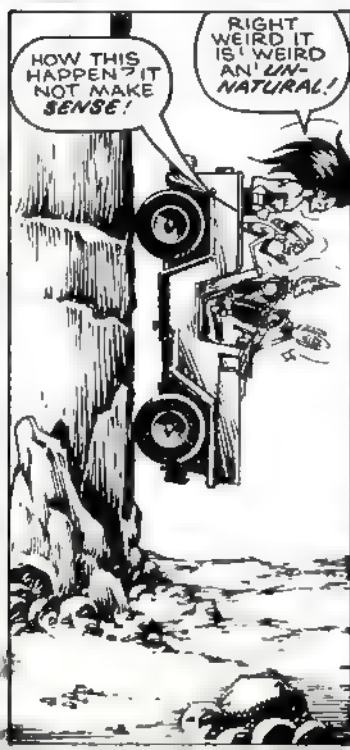
I WAS BORNED A
JOCKBOX GENIUS, I GOT
LUGGIN' IN MY RED! MY
SPLITTO BOOTS'LL
NEVER TOUCH THE
GROUND!

TOUCH
GROUND
TOO DAMN
FAST!

BILLY BONES
HAS GOT A POINT
THERE, GARPY!
THIS AIN'T THE
RIGHT TIME FOR
A SING-SONG!

HERE COME
GROUND! FEEL
NOT BEAR
LOOK!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SERIPT: ROBBY
GRANT/GROVER
ART: ROBBY
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING: ROBBY
TONY JACOB
COMPU: 73c



FOCUS ON THE
UNCLEOUS
MELVYN,
ENTERING
HITHERTO
UNNOTICED
TOWNSHIP—



"WHO'S THIS CREEP?"
"ONE OF THE MELVYN BARGS"
"OH—A DIRTY CRITIC!"



"LYNCH HIM!"
"STRING THE **** UP!"
THERE NOW
FOLLOWS
A BRIEF
INTERMISSION.

SPRINGER
GOOD NATURED ON THE OUTSIDE
BUT DON'T BE DECEIVED

THE TRANSFORMERS™ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE FORMERS

1

HE'S A CAR.

2

HE'S A
HELICOPTER.

3

A FEROCIOUS
WARRIOR

NEW TRIPLE CHANGERS



BACKSLIDE JET AIRCRAFT CARRIER
ROBOT ALWAYS COMPLAINING



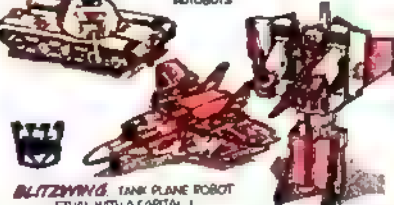
SANDSTORM
HELICOPTER BUGGY ROBOT TOTALLY FEARLESS



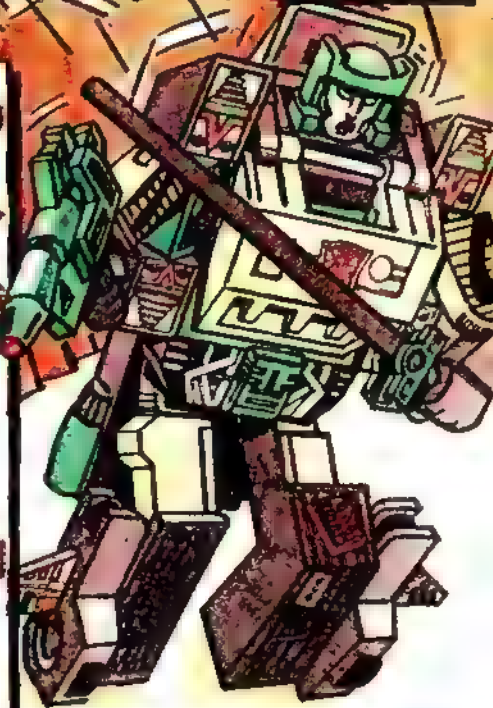
ASTROTRAIN SPACE SHUTTLE TRIPLE ROBOT
CAUSES JITTER MANIA



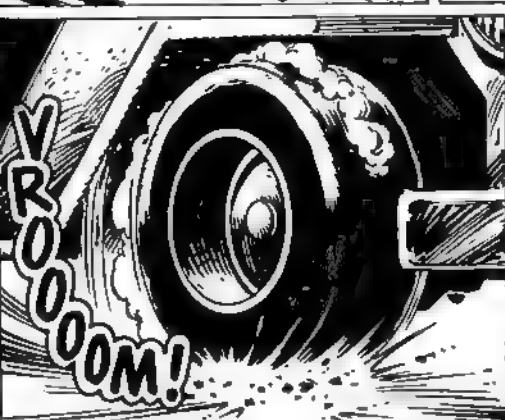
OCTANE TANKER JET ROBOT PICKS ON SMALL
AUTOBOTS



BLITZWING TANK PLANE ROBOT
LITUAL WITH A CAPITAL L



COLLECT ALL 6 TRIPLE CHANGERS. THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!



Strontium 900

RAGE

ONCE A YEAR MINERS AND FRONTIERMEN FROM ALL OVER THE CONTINENT OF YEN DESCEND ON THE TOWN OF DRAGON BEACH TO SPEND THE HARD-EARNED SPOILS OF THEIR SPARTAN EXISTENCE.

A LOT OF DRINK GOES DOWN A LOT OF THROATS. THERE'S A LOT OF CELEBRATING, AND A LOT OF GRIEVOUS BODILY GOES ON.

AND IT'S IN FEENEY'S BAR THAT THE BIG CARD GAME TAKES PLACE —

I'LL MATCH THAT FIVE THOU — AN' RAISE YOU TWENNY!



THEY SAY BY THE TIME THE LAST HAND'S FOLDED AND ONLY ONE MAN LEAVES THE TABLE A WINNER, HE CAN WALK OUT OF THERE WITH BETTER THAN FIVE MILLION IN HIS POCKET —

COME ON, MUTIE — PUT UP OR DROP OUT!

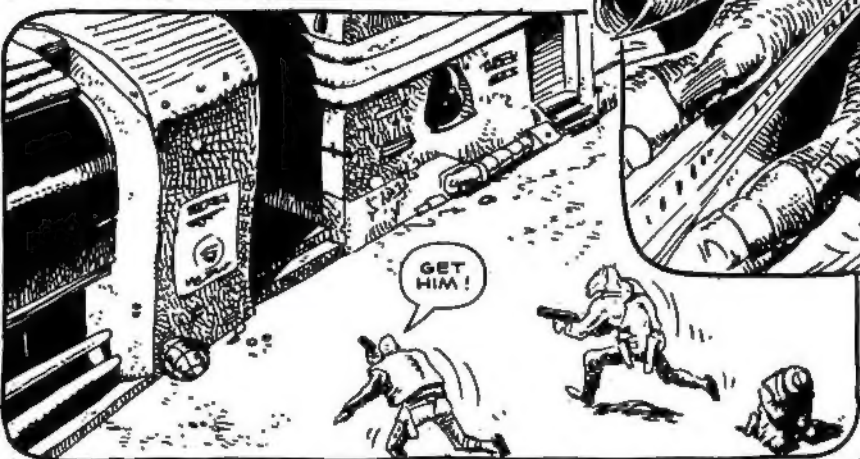
YOU'RE BLUFFIN', SMART-MOUTH!



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART: ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
KID ROBSON
COMPU 73c











IT'S THE **DEMOCRATIC PROCESS**, SWIFTY. I MIGHT BE A BLOODSUCKING CANNIBAL WHO DOESN'T GIVE A LUMP OF SPIT FOR ANYONE ELSE, BUT I BELIEVE IN THE **DEMOCRATIC PROCESS**...

YOU'RE GOING FOR A SEAT ON THE BOARD OF INTERNATIONAL WASTE DISPOSAL INC... YOU'RE GOING FOR THE **JOB**...



AND YOU'RE RUNNING AGAINST THE **ALLIANCE**...

NO KIDDING? OWEN AND ER, WHAT'S 'ISNAME?



NOT QUITE. **JOBFINDER GENERAL** AND **SCARAB ILLUMINATI**. THEY'VE FORMED THE BROAD PLATFORM PUBLIC APPEAL DOGMO-PRAGMATIC UMBRELLA MOVEMENT PARTY...

WHAT'S THAT MEAN IN **YOB SPEAK**?

THEY WANT TO KNOBBLE YOUR BODY, POISON YOUR MIND, AND DRAG YOUR NAME THROUGH THE BLACKEST DUNGHEAPS.

DON'T WORRY. IT'S ALL IN THE **DEMOCRATIC PROCESS**...

I'M FROM THE **DAILY NONSENSE**. THEY SAY YOU'VE TURNED YOUR BACK ON **TRUE SWIFTISM**... ANY COMMENT?

IT'S NOT THE **TRUTH**...



OF COURSE, **DEMOCRACY** HAD A FEW **TEETHING PROBLEMS** AT FIRST, BUT WE IRONED THEM OUT...

NOW IT WORKS SO WELL YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S THERE!

MR SWIFT REPLIED 'IT'S NOT THE T...'

SORRY, 'OW D'YOU SPELL THAT LAST WORD?

NEXT: THE RITES OF MAN

A Grim Reaper Scan

